

He broke his bread into the milk and he had not done since he was a child, and ate the luscious pulp with a keen relish bred of the long outdoor day.

It was almost dark when the meal was done and, depleted hamper in hand, he reentered the empty echoing house. He went into the library, lighted the great brass lamp from the drawers of the dining-room sideboard yielded nothing; on a shelf of the butler's pantry, however, was a tin box which proved to be half full of wax candles, perfectly preserved.

"The very thing!" he said triumphantly. Carrying them back, he fixed several in the glass-candlesticks and set them, lighted, all about the somber room till the soft glow flooded its every corner. "There," he said, "that is as it should be. No big blatant search-light here! And no glare of modern electricity would suit that old wainscoting, either."

He dragged the leather settee to the porch and by the light of the motor-lamp dusted it thoroughly, and wheeling it back, set it under the portrait which had so attracted him. He washed the glass from which he had dined and filled it at the cup of the garden fountain, put into it the rose from his hat and set it on the reading-stand. The small china dog caught his eye and he picked it up casually. The head came off in his hands. It had been a bon-bon box and was empty save for a narrow strip of yellowed paper, on which were written some meaningless figures: 17-28-94-0. He pondered this a moment, then thrust it into one of the empty pigeonholes of the desk. On the latter stood an old-fashioned leaf-calendar; the date it exposed was May 14th. Curiously enough the same date would recur tomorrow. The page bore a quotation: "Every man carries his fate on a ribbon about his neck."

The line had been quoted in his father's letter. May 14th—how much that date and that motto may have meant for him!

He rose to push the shutter wider and in the movement his elbow sent a



He Shuddered as He Stooped to Pick Up the Weapon.

shallow case of morocco leather that had lain on the desk crashing to the floor. It opened and a heavy metallic object rolled almost to his feet. He saw at a glance that it was an old-fashioned trusted dueling-pistol.

The box had originally held two pistols. He shuddered as he stooped to pick up the weapon, and with the crawling repugnance mingled a pang of anger and humiliation. From his very babyhood it had always been so—that unconquerable aversion to the touch of firearm. There had been moments in his youth when this unreasoning shrinking had filled him with a blind fury, had driven him to strange self-tests of courage. He had never been able to overcome it. Analysis had told him that his peculiar abhorrence was no mere outgrowth of this. It lay far deeper. He had rarely, of recent years, met the test. Now, as he stood in these unaccustomed surroundings, with the cold touch of the metal the old shuddering held him, and the sweat broke in beads on his forehead. Setting his teeth hard, he crossed the room, slipped the box with its pistol between the volumes of the bookcase, and returned to his seat.

The bulldog, aroused from a nap, thrust a warm muzzle between his knees. "It's uncanny, Chum!" he said, as his hand caressed the velvety head. "Why should the touch of that fool thing chill my spine and make my flesh tingle over my bones? Why should I hate a pistol? Do you suppose I was shot in one of my previous existences?"

For a long while he sat there, his pipe dead, his eyes on the moonlighted out-of-doors. The eery feeling that had gripped him had gone as quickly as it had come. At last he rose, stretching himself with a great boyish yawn, put out all save one of the candles and taking a bathrobe, sandals and a huge fuzzy towel from the steamer-trunk, stripped leisurely. He donned the bathrobe and sandals and went out through the window to the garden and down to where lay the little lake ruffling silverly under the moon. On its brink he stopped, and tossing back his head, tried to imitate one of the bird-calls but was unsuccessful. With a rueful laugh he threw off the bathrobe and stood an instant glistening, poised in the moonlight like a marble faun, before he dove, straight down out of sight.

Five minutes later he pulled himself up over the edge, his flesh tingling with the chill of the water, and threw the robe about his cool white shoulders. Then he thrust his feet into his sandals and sped quickly back. He rubbed himself to a glow, and blowing out the remaining can-

dles, stretched himself luxuriously between the warm blankets on the couch. The dog sniffed inquiringly at his hand, then leaped up and snuggled down close to his feet.

John Vallant's thoughts had fled a thousand miles away, to the tall girl who all his life had seemed to stand out from his world, aloof and unsurpassed—Katharine Fargo. He tried to picture her, a perfect chatelaine, graceful and gracious as a tall, white, splendid lily, in this dead house that seemed still to throb with living passions. But the picture subtly eluded him and he stirred uneasily under the blanket.

After a time his hands stretched out to the reading-stand and drew the glass with its vivid blossom nearer, till, in his nostrils, its musky odor mingled with the dew-wet scent of the honeysuckle from the garden. At last his eyes closed. "Every man carries his fate . . . on a ribbon

about his neck," he muttered drowsily, and then, "Roses . . . red roses . . ."

And so he fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### The Hunt.

He awoke to a musical twittering and chirping, to find the sun pouring into the dusty room in a very glory. He rolled from the blanket and stood upright, filling his lungs with a long deep breath of satisfaction. He felt singularly light-hearted and alive. The bulldog came bounding through the window, dirty from the weeds, and flung himself upon his master in a canine rapture.

"Get out!" quoth the latter, laughing. "Stop licking my feet! How the dickens do you suppose I'm to get into my clothes with your ridiculous antics going on? Down, I say! Hark!" He broke off and listened. "Who's that singing?"

The sound drew nearer—a lugubrious chant, with the weird minor reflections, faintly suggestive of the rag-time ditties of the music-halls, yet with a plaintive cadence.

"Good morning, Uncle Jefferson." The singer broke off, set down the twig-broom that he had been wielding and came toward him. "Maw'nin', suh. Maw'nin'!" he said. "Hopes yo'all sleep good. Ah reck'n dem ar birds woke yo' up; dey's makin' seh er 'miration."

"Thank you. Never slept better in my life. Am I laboring under a delusion when I imagine I smell coffee?" Just then there came a voice from the open door of the kitchen: "Calls yo'self er man, yo' triflin' reconstructed nigger! W'en marstah gwine ter git he brekfus' wid' yo' ramshacklin' eroun' wid dat dawg all his Gawd's-blessed maw'nin'? Go fetch some mo' fish-wood dis minute. Yo' heah?"

A turbaned head poked itself through the door, with a good-natured leaf-brown face beneath it, which broadened into a wide smile as its owner bobbed energetically at Vallant's greeting. "Fo' de Lawd!" she exclaimed, wiping floury hands on a gingham apron. "Yo' sho' is up early, but Ah got yo' brekfus' ready, suh."

"All right, Aunt Daphne. I'll be back directly." He sped down to the lake to plunge his head into the cool water and thereby sharpen the edge of an appetite that needed no honing.

He came up the trail again to find the reading-stand transferred to the porch and laid with a white cloth on which was set a steaming coffee-pot, with fresh cream, saltless butter and crisp hot biscuit; and as he sat down, with a sigh of pure delight, in his dressing-gown—a crepe Japanese thing redeemed from womanishness by the bold green bamboo of its design—Uncle Jefferson planted before him a generous platter of bacon, eggs and potatoes. These he attacked with a surprising keenness. As he buttered his fifth biscuit he looked at the dog, rolling on his back in morning ecstasy, with a look of humorous surprise.

"Chum," he said, "what do you think of that? All my life a single roll and a cup of coffee have been the most I could ever negotiate for breakfast, and then it was apt to taste like chips and whet-stones. And now look at this plate!" The dog ceased winnowing his ear with a hind foot and looked back at his master with much the same expression. Clearly his own needs had not been forgotten.

"Reck'n Ah bettah go ter git dat ar machine thing," said Uncle Jefferson behind him. "O! 'ooman, heah, she 'low ter fix up de kitchen dis maw'nin' en we begin on de house dis evenin'."

"Right-o," said Vallant. "It's all up-hill, so the motor won't run away with you. Aunt Daphne, can you get some help with the cleaning?"

"He'p?" that worthy responded with fine scorn. "No, suh. Moughty few, in de town 'cep'n low-down yaller new-issue trash den ain' wu' killin'! Ah gwine ter fo' dat house mahse' fo' long, hammah en tongs, en git it fix' up!"

"Splendid! My destiny is in your hands. You might take the dog with you, Uncle Jefferson; the run will do him good."

When the latter had disappeared and trident sounds from the kitchen indicated that the era of strenuous cleaning had begun, he reentered the library, changed the water in the rose-glass and set it on the edge of the shady front porch, where its flaunting blossom made a dash of bright crimson against the grayed weather-beaten brick. This done, he opened the one large room on the ground-floor that he had not visited.

It was double the size of the library, a parlor hung in striped yellow silk vaguely and tenderly faded, with a tall plate mirror set over a marble-

topped console at either side. In one corner stood a grand piano of Circasian walnut with keys of tinted mother-of-pearl and a slender music-rack inlaid with morning-glories in the same material. From the center of the ceiling, above an oval table, depended a great chandelier hung with glass prisms. The chairs and sofas were covered with dusty slip-covers of muslin. He lifted one of these. The tarnished gold furniture was Louis XV, the upholstery of yellow brocade with a pattern of pink roses. Two Japanese hawthorn vases sat on teak-wood stands and a corner held a glass cabinet containing a collection of small ivories and faience.

He went thoughtfully back to the great hall, where sat the big chest on which lay the volume of "Laciel." He pushed down the antique wrought-iron flap and threw up the lid. It was filled to the brim with textures: heavy portieres of rose-damask, table-covers of faded soft-toned tapestry, window-hangings of dull green—all with tobacco-leaves laid between the folds and sifted thickly over with the sparkling white powder. At the bottom, rolled in tarry-smelling paper, he found a half-dozen thin, Persian prayer-rugs.

"Phew!" he whistled. "I certainly ought to be grateful to that law firm that 'inspected' the place. Think of the things lying here all these years! And that powder everywhere! It's done the work, too, for there's not a sign of moth. If I'm not careful, I'll stumble over the family plate—it seems to be about the only thing wanting."

He thought a moment, then went quickly into the library and began to ransack the trunk. At length he found a small box containing keepsakes of various kinds. He poured the medley on to the table—an uncut moonstone, an amethyst-topped pencil that one of his tutors had given him as a boy, a tiger's claw, a compass and what-not. Among them was a man's seal-ring with a crest cut in a cornelian. He looked at it closely. It was the same device.

The ring had been his father's. Just when or how it had come into his possession he could never remember. It had lain among these keepsakes so many years that he had almost forgotten its existence. He had never worn a ring, but now, as he went back to the hall, he slipped it on his finger. The motto below the crest was worn away, but it showed clear in the marble of the hall-mantle: I cling.

His eyes turned from the carved words and strayed to the pleasant sunny foliage outside. An arrogant boast, perhaps, yet in the event well justified. Vallant had held that selfsame slope when the encircling forests had rung with war-whoop and blazed with torture-fire. They had held on through Revolution and Civil War. Good and bad, abiding and lawless, every generation had cleaved stubbornly to its acres. I cling. His father had clung through absence that seemed to have been almost exile, and now he, the last Vallant, has come to make good the boast.

His gaze wandered. The tail of his eye had caught through the window a spurt of something dashing and vivid, that grazed the corner of a far-off field. He craned his neck, but it had passed the line of his vision. The



He Craned His Neck, but It Had Passed the Line of His Vision.

next moment, however, there came trailing on the satiny stillness the high-keyed ululation of a horn, and an instant later a long-drawn halloo-o-o! mixed with a pattering chorus of yelps.

He went close, and leaning from the sill, shaded his eyes with his hand. The noise swelled and rounded in volume; it was nearing rapidly. As he looked the hunt dashed into full view between the tree-boles—a galloping melee of khaki and scarlet, swarming across the fresh green of a wheat-field, behind a spotted swirl of hounds.

"Confound it!" said John Vallant belligerently; "they're on my land!"

They were near enough now for him to hear the voices of the men, calling encouragement to the dogs, and to see the white ribbons of foam across the flanks of the laboring horses. One scarlet-coated feminine rider, detached from the bunch, had spurred in advance and was leading by a clean hundred yards, bareheaded, her hat fallen back to the limit of its ribbon knotted under her chin, and her waving hair gleaming like tarnished gold.

"How she rides!" muttered the solitary watcher. "Cross-saddle, of course—the sensible little sport! She'll never in the world do that wall!—Yes, by George!" John Vallant's admiration turned to delight. "Why," he said, "it's the Lady-of-the-Roses!" He put his hands on the sill and vaulted to the porch.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### Sanctuary.

The tawny scudding streak that led that long chase had shot into the yard, turning for a last desperate double. It saw the man in the foreground and its bounding, agonized little wild heart that so prayed for life gave way. With a final effort, it gained the porch and crouched down in its corner, an abject, sweating, hunted morsel, at hopeless bay.

Like a flash, Vallant stooped, caught the shivering thing by the scruff, and as its snapping jaws grazed his thumb, dropped it through the open window behind him: "Sanctuary!" quoth he, and banged the shutter to.

At the same instant, as the place overflowed with a pandemonium of nosing leaping hounds, he saw the golden chestnut reined sharply down among the ragged box-rows, with a sham-faced though brazen knowledge that the girl who rode it had seen.

She sat moveless, her head high, one hand on the hunter's foam-decked neck, and their glances met like crossed swords. The look stirred something vague and deep within him. For an unforgettable instant their eyes held each other, in a gaze rigid, challenging, almost defiant; then it broke and she turned to the rest of the party spurring in a galloping zig-zag: a genial-faced man of middle age in khaki who sat his horse like a cavalier, a younger one with a reckless dark face and straight black hair, and following these a half-dozen youthful riders of both sexes, one of the lads heavily plastered with mud from a wet cropper, and the girls chiefly kays and giggles.

The elder of the two men pulled up beside the leader, his astonished eyes sweeping the house-front, with its open blinds, the wisp of smoke curling from the kitchen chimney. He said something to her, and she nodded. The younger man, meanwhile, had flung himself from his horse, a wild-eyed roan, and with his arm thrust through its bridle, strode forward among the welter of hounds, where they scurried at fault, hither and thither, yelping and eager.

"What rotten luck!" he exclaimed. "Gone to ground after twelve miles! After him, Tawny! You mongrels! Do you imagine he's up a tree? After him, Bulger! Bring him here!"

He glanced up, and for the first time saw the figure in tweeds looking on. Vallant was attracted by his face, its dash and generosity overlying its inherent profligacy and weakness. Dark as the girl was light, his features had the same delicate chiseling, the in-breeding nobility and indulgence of generations. He stared a moment, and the somewhat supercilious look traveled over the gaze, from dusty boots to waving brown hair.

"Oh!" he said. His view slowly took in the evidences of occupation. "The house is open, I see. Going to get it fit for occupancy, I presume?"

"Yes." The other turned. "Well, Judge Chalmers, what do you think of that? The unexpected has happened at last." He looked at the porch. "Who's to occupy it?"

"The owner."

"Wonders will never cease!" said the young man easily, shrugging. "Well, our quarry is here somewhere. From the way the dogs act I should say he's bolted into the house. With your permission I'll take one of them in and see."

He stooped and snapped a leash on a dog-collar.

"I'm really very sorry," said Vallant, "but I'm living in it at present."

The edge of a smile lifted the carefully trained mustache over the other's white teeth. It had the perfectly courteous air of saying, "Of course, if you say so. But—"

Vallant turned, with a gesture that included all. "If you care to dismount and rest," he said, "I shall be honored, though I'm afraid I can't offer you such hospitality as I should wish."

The judge raised his broad soft hat. "Thank you, sir," he said, with a soft accent that delightfully disclaimed the letter "r." "But we mustn't intrude any further. As you know, of course, the place has been uninhabited for any number of years, and we had no idea it was to acquire a tenant. You will overlook our riding through, I hope. I'm afraid the neighborhood has got used to considering this sort of no-man's land. It's a pleasure to know that the Court is to be reclaimed, sir. Come along, Chilly," he added. "Our fox has a burrow under the house, I reckon—hang the cunning little devil!"

He waved his hat at the porch and turned his horse down the path, side by side with the golden chestnut. After them trooped the others, horses walking wearily, riders talking in low voices, the girls turning often to send swift bird-like glances behind them to where the straight masculine figure still stood with the yellow sunshine on his face. They did not leap the wall this time, but filed decorously through the swinging gate to the Red Road. Then, as they passed from view behind the hedges, John Vallant heard the younger voices break out together like the sound of a bomb thrown into a poultry-yard.

John Vallant stood watching till the last rider was out of sight. There was a warm flush of color in his face. At length he turned with a ghost of a sigh, opened the hall door wide and stalking a hundred yards away, sat down on the shady grass and began to whistle, with his eyes on the door.

Presently he was rewarded. On a sudden, around the edge of the sill peered a sharp, suspicious little mouse. Then, like a flash of tawny light, the fox broke sanctuary and shot for the thicket.

The brown ivied house in the village was big and square and faced the sleepy street. A one-story wing contained a small door with a doctor's brass plate on the clapboarding beside it. Doctor Southall was one of Mrs. Merryweather Mason's paying guests—for she would have deemed the word boarder a gratuitous insult, no less to them than to her. Another was the major, who for a decade had occupied the big old-fashioned corner-room on the second floor, accompanied by a monstrous gray cat and waited on by an ancient negro named Jereboam, who had been a slave of his father's.

The doctor was a sallow taciturn man with a saturnine face, eyebrows like frosted thistles, a mouth as if made with one quick knife-slash and a head nearly bald, set on a neck that would not have disqualified a yearling ox.

On this particular morning neither the major nor the doctor was in evidence, the former having gone out early, and the latter being at the moment in his office, as the brassy buzz of a telephone from time to time announced. Two of the green wicker rocking-chairs on the porch, however, were in agitated commotion. Mrs. Mason was receiving a caller in the person of Mrs. Napoleon Gifford.

"After all these years!" the visitor was saying in her customary italics. (The broad "a" which lent a dulcet softness to the speech of her hostess was scorned by Mrs. Poly, her own "a's" being as narrow as the needle through which the rich man reaches heaven.) "We came here from Richmond when I was a bride—that's twenty-one years ago—and Damory Court was forsaken then. And think what a condition the house must be in now! Cared for by an agent who comes every other season from New York. Trust a man to do work like that!"

"I'm glad a Vallant is to occupy it," remarked Mrs. Mason in her sweet flute-like voice. "It would be sad to



"With Your Permission I'll Take One of Them in and See."

see any one else there. For after all, the Vallants were gentlemen."

Mrs. Gifford sniffed. "Would you have called Devil-John Vallant a gentleman? Why, he earned the name by the dreadful things he did. My grandfather used to say that when his wife lay sick—he hated her, you know—he would gallop his horse with all his hounds full-ery after him under her windows. Then that ghastly story of the slave he pressed to death in the hoghead of tobacco."

"I know," acquiesced Mrs. Mason. "He was a cruel man and wicked, too. Yet of course he was a gentleman. In the South the test of a gentleman has never been what he does, but who he is. But his grandson, Beauty Vallant, who lived at Damory Court thirty years ago, wasn't his type at all. He was only twenty-five when the duel occurred."

"He must have been brilliant," said the visitor, "to have founded that great corporation. It's a pity the son didn't take after him. Have you seen the papers lately? It seems that though he was to blame for the wrecking of the concern they can't do anything to him. Some technicality in the law, I suppose. But if a man is only rich enough they can't convict him of anything. Why he should suddenly make up his mind to come down here I can't see. With that old affair of his father's behind him, I should think he'd prefer Patagonia."

"I take it, then, madam," Doctor Southall's forbidding voice rose from the doorway, "that you are familiar with the circumstances of that old affair, as you term it?"

The lady bridled. Her passages at arms with the doctor did not invariably tend to sweeten her disposition. "I'm sure I only know what people say," she said.

"People?" snorted the doctor irascibly. "Just another name for a community that's a perfect sink of meanness and malice. If one believed all he heard here he'd quit speaking to his own grandmother."

"You will admit, I suppose," said Mrs. Gifford with some spirit, "that the name Vallant isn't what it used to be in this neighborhood?"

"I will, madam," responded the doctor. "When Vallant left this place (a mark of good taste, I've always considered it) he left it the worse, if possible, for his departure. Your remark, however, would seem to imply deference on his part. Was he the only man who ever happened to be at the lucky end of a dueling-ground?"

"Then it isn't true that Vallant was a dead shot and Sassoon intoxicated?" "Madam," said the doctor, "I have no wish to discuss the details of that unhappy incident with you or anybody else. I was one of those present, but the circumstances you mention have

never been descanted upon by me." "I see by the papers," said Mrs. Gifford, with an air of resignedly changing the subject, "they've been investigating the failure of the Vallant Corporation. The son seems to be getting the sharp end of the stick. Perhaps he's coming down here because they've made it so hot for him in New York. Well, I'm afraid he'll find this county disappointing."

"He will that!" agreed the doctor savagely. "No doubt he imagines he's coming to a kindly countryside of gentle-born people with souls and imaginations; he'll find he's lit in a section that's entirely too ready to hack at his father's name and prepared in advance to call him Northern scum and turn up its nose at his accent—a community so full of dyed-in-the-wool snobbery that it would make Boston look like a poor-white barbecue. I'm sorry for him!"

"Just then from the rear of the house came a strident voice:

"Yo' Raph'el! Take yo' han's outer dem cherries! Don' yo' know ef yo' swallows dem ar pits, yo' gwine ter hab 'pedeguetus en lump up en die'!"

The sound of a slap and shrill yelp followed, and around the porch dashed an infantile darkey, as nude as a black Puck, with his hands full of cherries, who came to a sudden demoralized stop in the embarrassing foreground. "Raph!" thundered the doctor. "Didn't I tell you to go back to that kitchen?"

"Yes, suh," responded the imp. "But yo' didn' tell me ter stay dar!" "If I see you out here again," roared the doctor, "I'll tie your ears back—and grease you—and SWALLOW you!" At which shrill threat, the apparition, with a shrill shriek, turned and ran desperately for the corner of the house.

"I hear," said the doctor, resuming, "that the young man who came to fix the place up has hired Uncle Jefferson and his wife to help him. Who's responsible for that interesting information?"

"Rickey Snyder," said Mrs. Mason. "She's got a spy-glass rigged up in a sugar-tree at Miss Mattie Sue's and she saw them pottering around there this morning."

"Little limb!" exclaimed Mrs. Gifford, with emphasis. "She's as cheeky as a town-hog. I can't imagine what Shirley Dandridge was thinking of when she brought that low-born child out of her sphere."

Something like a growl came from the doctor as he struck open the screen-door. "Limb!" I'll bet ten dollars she's an angel in a cedar-tree at a church fair compared with some better-born young ones I know of who are only fit to live when they've got the scarlet-fever and who ought to be in the reformatory long ago. And as for Shirley Dandridge, it's my opinion she and her mother and a few others like her have got about the only drops of the milk of human kindness in this whole abandoned community!"

"Dreadful man!" said Mrs. Gifford, sotto voce, as the door banged viciously. "To think of his being born a Southall! Sometimes I can't believe it!"

Mrs. Mason shook her head and smiled. "Ah, but that isn't the real Doctor Southall," she said. "That's only his shell."

"I've heard that he has another side," responded the other with guarded grimace, "but if he has, I wish he'd manage to show it sometimes."

Mrs. Mason took off her glasses and wiped them carefully. "I saw it when my husband died," she said softly. "That was before you came. They were old friends, you know. He was sick almost a year, and the doctor used to carry him out here on the porch every day in his arms, like a child. And then, when the typhus came that summer among the negroes, he quarantined himself with them—the only white man there—and treated and nursed them and buried the dead with his own hands. Oh! it was stamped out. That's the real Doctor Southall!"

The rockers vibrated in silence for a moment. Then Mrs. Gifford said, "I never knew before that he had anything to do with that duel. Was he one of Vallant's seconds?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mason; "and the major was the other. I was a little girl when it happened. I can barely remember it, but it made a big sensation."

"And over a love-affair!" exclaimed Mrs. Gifford in the tone of one to whom romance was daily bread. "I suppose it was."

For a time the conversation languished. Then Mrs. Gifford asked suddenly: "Who do you suppose she could have been—the girl behind that old Vallant affair?"

Mrs. Mason shook her head. "No one knows for certain—unless, of course, the major or the doctor, and I wouldn't question either of them for worlds. You see, people had stopped gossiping about it before I was out of school. There's Major Bristow at the gate now. And the doctor's just coming out again."

The major wore a suit of white linen, with a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a pink was in his button-hole, but to the observing, his step might have seemed to lack an accustomed jauntiness. As he came up the path the doctor opened his office. "How do you feel this morning, Major?"

"Feel?" rumbled the major; "the way any gentleman ought to feel this time of the morning, sah. Like hell, (To Be Continued.)"

FOR SALE—High Grade Water Motor Washing Machine, slightly used for sale cheap. Inquire, H. Gilpin, Hilsinger Mercantile Co., Elwell.

## Sharrar & Moore

WHAT HAVE YOU

### To Sell or Exchange?

A Bazaar stock worth about \$3000, situated in village of 1200, only store of its kind in village. Will exchange for land or city property.

Equity in eighty acre farm to exchange for city property.

Owner will exchange equity in a 20 acre chicken and truck farm for house and lot in Alma.

House and lot in Alma to exchange for 40 acre farm.

A good general grocery stock situated in a country town for sale or exchange.

Ninety-seven acre farm for sale or exchange. All sugar beet land, well tilled, good buildings.

Fine three story brick block for sale or exchange for land or city property.

Hotel for sale or exchange, for land or city property. Bar in connection doing \$50 per day.

IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE CALL AND SEE US.

## SHARRAR & MOORE

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.



How much different and better modern photography is than was the photography of a few years ago.

Things have changed wonderfully—so have you, and it's time you were visiting the photographer.

Better make an appointment to day with

**W. E. Baker**  
Alma

## PNEUMONIA

left me with a frightful cough and very weak. I had spells when I could hardly breathe or speak for 10 to 20 minutes. My doctor could not help me, but I was completely cured by

**DR. KING'S New Discovery**  
Mrs. J. E. Cox, Joliet, Ill.  
50c AND \$1.00 AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT.  
At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the Village of Ithaca in said county, on the 16th day of January, 1914.  
Present: J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Alfred Holmes and Nancy J. Colborn deceased.  
Ralph Richardson having filed in said court his petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of their death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized, respectively.  
It is ordered, that the 16th day of February 1914, at 10